



# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## THE PAPER DOLL PRINCESS

"It's about time for your nap, dear," Patsy's mother called.

"Oh please do let me play a little longer," Patsy begged, for she was pasting the loveliest set of furniture in her paper doll book.

"Well, just for a little while," her mother agreed.

When all the furniture had been put into the new living room, Patsy turned the page and began to make the garden. First she pasted in a window. Then she carefully cut out of a magazine the picture of a rose bush.

A sample of the beautiful roses that grow on the grounds of an old English castle," she read under the picture.

"An old English castle—Patsy murmured sleepily while her head nodded.

Suddenly the most surprising thing happened. A tiny little voice began to call from the paper doll house.

"Please, please find the Prince," it begged.

Patsy was very much excited. She was sure that the voice had come from the new living room. But when she tried to turn the page she found that she couldn't lift it. Instead of paper the page was made of stone.

"You'll have to look through the window," said the tiny voice.

Patsy put her face up close and found that she could peek through the garden window very nicely. But what do you suppose she saw?—Instead of the living room she had made was the queerest little place in the world.

There were mirrors all around the walls, and in the center of the room was a table with a dinner of rose petals spread out on it. In one corner stood a tiny bed with pink curtains. Then Patsy saw something better than all the rest. In a little chair filled with lovely rose hilk pillows sat the most beautiful princess she had ever seen. Patsy really never had seen one before, but she was sure that no other could be so beautiful.

This little princess had the most wonderful golden hair that shone three inches long, which was really a very good length, for you see she was only five inches high herself. Her eyes were big but they were so full of tears that Patsy couldn't be sure about the color.

"Please, please find the Prince," begged the tiny voice.

"Is he in my paper doll book?" Patsy asked, very much puzzled.

"Of course," said the Princess. "But you'll have a very hard time finding him. You'll have to look through the back of the book," she continued, "for my castle is sealed up so tightly that no one but the Prince can open it."

"I'll try hard to find him," Patsy promised. "It seemed silly that anyone should be worried over finding a prince in a paper doll book."

"I'll look on every page," she told the Princess.

"That's the very best way," the Princess agreed. "But if you have any trouble stop and see the Picture Puzzle and tell him you're helping the Paper Doll Princess. He'll be sure to give you advice."

Patsy said she would remember.

The first few pages turned very easily but there was no sign of the Prince. Then Patsy found that she couldn't budge the next page, it was so heavy.

"Oh dear, I wonder where the Picture Puzzle lives," she said, remembering what the Princess had told her.

"Turn me around, start from the center and find the corner," said a voice.

Patsy turned the book around and looked on all the corners of the page. Sure enough, there at the top sat the queerest little man imaginable. He looked like a jir-saw puzzle.

"Now I'll come down and talk to you," he announced, turning a somersault out of the corner.

"The Paper Doll Princess sent me—," Patsy began.

"Well, I am certainly glad to see you," declared the Picture Puzzle cordially.

"Thank you," Patsy replied. "You see, she went on to explain, 'the Princess is trying to find the Prince, who is to come and open the door of her castle.'"

"Well, well," said the Picture Puzzle. "I have known for a long time that she wanted something, but I've never been able before to solve the problem."

"She said you would help," Patsy suggested.

"Of course I will," agreed the Picture Puzzle. "First you must make up a rhyme to repeat three times before you'll be able to turn the next page," he directed.

Patsy was very much worried for she had never really made up rhymes before. This was the way she began:

"The Paper Doll Princess has sent me To find her noble Prince, So please turn and help us both—"

Here Patsy stopped for she couldn't think of a single thing that would rhyme except "quince." Of course she had to begin all over again:

"The Paper Doll Princess is fast in her toer With no one to set her free, So please, dear page, won't you kindly turn, Just to accommodate me?"

"That isn't very good," declared the Picture Puzzle. "though it has a few long words. But it will do after you have said it three times three."

Patsy began to repeat the verse and by the time she had finished, the page was all the way over. For the next few pages there were dark forests. She looked through them very carefully to find the Prince but he was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly the forest ended and there on the very next page sat the ugliest old witch you can imagine.

"Where are you going, little?" she asked, smiling so that one old crooked tooth showed.

"I'm hunting for the Prince," Patsy explained, trying not to be frightened.

"Will you help me?"

"I'll help you if you'll remember everything I tell you to do."

"Indeed I will," Patsy promised.

"First of all," began the old witch. "You must always tell the truth no matter what happens. Then you must be sure to obey all the signs you see on the way; and finally you must come back to me after you have carried the Prince to the castle." Patsy agreed to do everything just as she was told.

The next few pages were nothing but forests until suddenly there appeared a plain white sheet with the words written: "Do not look at me!"

"That's silly," Patsy thought, "for the Prince may be inside." Then she remembered her promise to the old witch. She skipped over the page as quickly as she could, so that she wouldn't even peek between the leaves.

The pages began to turn so rapidly that Patsy had nearly reached the end of the book. She was beginning to think that she would never find the Prince, when suddenly a little gate ap-

peared. At one side stood a white-bearded old man with a big key in his hand.

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"I'll have to find the old witch," Patsy murmured sleepily.

"There isn't any old witch, dear, you were dreaming," Patsy's mother laughed, carrying her to her soft little bed.

Patsy tried to go to sleep and dream the rest of the story. She knew that the Prince and Princess must have lived happily ever after, but she could never imagine what happened to the Picture Puzzle. But the old witch had told her to be truthful if she wanted to find the Prince.

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## FOOLING DADDY

To fool their dad, on April first Was John's and Mary's wish When they, upon the table placed, An empty, covered dish.

But daddy spied them at their trick, And when their backs were turned He slipped their bunny in the dish And looked most unconcerned.



Then when he lifted up the lid, Before their very eyes, They fairly rolled off of their chairs, So great was their surprise.



Patsy declared.

The old man smiled, and suddenly his white beard began to disappear. Before Patsy could wink an eye, there stood a young prince instead of an old man.

"Thank you very much for finding me," said the Prince. "Do you think you can take me back to the castle?"

"Perhaps I can carry you, if you'll climb on my hand," Patsy suggested.

The Prince agreed and soon Patsy had turned back to the page made of stone. She put the Prince down just outside of the garden window. Quickly he jumped through into the room. As he did so the stone began to grow soft and light. The page became only a piece of paper and of a stone, and out walked the Prince and Princess into the garden. Patsy could see that they were very happy. Then the page began to grow dim and she remembered that she had promised to go back and see the old witch.

"My little girl has been sound

every description and kind.

The word "WEALTHY" means well-being, but it can also mean well-doing. Who Will Be Wealthy in This Sense?

Soon the boys and girls will go To the woods they love and know, There to pick the violet By the noisy brooklet set.

Or will seek the steep hillside Where the honeysuckle bides, And the dogwood blossoms say, "Spring is here—come out and play!"

**Fool's Day**

JUST why the first of April is called "Fool's Day" is not definitely known. There are all sorts of wild conjectures as to its origin, and one theorist goes so far as to trace the custom to Noah, who, it is supposed, sent out the dove on April 1 to find out whether the forty days' rain had ceased. It was a fool's errand, as the flood had not yet subsided; hence the conjecture. We laugh at such a ridiculous notion. If we had a theory, it might be to attribute the origin to the foolish state of the weather during the month of April. The showers between the sunshine certainly place us very frequently in a foolish position, especially when we have neglected to carry our umbrellas.

In France it is said that April Fooling had been a practice at a much earlier period than in England, and in some instances very important results have grown out of it. It is told of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, that, being imprisoned at Nantes, they dressed themselves as peasants and escaped on April Fool's Day, their success being due entirely to the refusal of their guards to believe that the information which they had received as to their intentions was anything more than a joke. The escaping pair were recognized by a woman of Nantes in spite of their disguise, and she ran at once to the guard and betrayed them.

The guard merely smiled and murmured "April Fool," and let the Duke and Duchess pass. When the matter came to the Governor's ears an investigation was ordered, and, of course, the discovery was made that the joke was on the Governor and his guards. But too late, as the royal birds had flown.

**DIAMOND.**

1. A vowel.
2. An animal.
3. Weary.
4. Goods transported.
5. To dare or defy.
6. Carried along as on a current.
7. A girl's name.
8. A light beastie.
9. A consonant.

The central letters of this diamond spell a day to which all children are looking forward.

**HIDDEN "MOVIE" STARS**

1. Hal pinches Carl; 2. Well, yell back, Carl; 3. Every baby, Len; 4. Horns hurt Joan; 5. Come, I sell our cat; 6. I bar new curl; 7. So they tried.

**Answers.**

**DIAMOND:** April Fool, a ape tired freight challenge drifted Viola cot

**HIDDEN "MOVIE" STARS:** 1. Charles Chaplin; 2. Carlyle Blackwell; 3. Beverly Bayne; 4. Arthur Johnson; 5. Maurice Costello; 6. Crane Wilbur; 7. Edith Storey.

**Spring is Coming Back Again**

SPRING is coming back again, Robins tell it clear and plain, Bluebirds sing it from the trees, You can feel it in the breeze.

Pussy willows putting out, Dandelions soon will sprout, And the grass each day is seen In a brighter suit of green.

**The SEALS AND THE ICEBERG**

WY up in the cold, cold North the snow fell year after year between two big mountains. It did not melt but just settled until it made a great river of solid ice, many miles long and very, very wide. Now this river of ice moved like other rivers, but only one inch each year. It went so slowly that not even the animals knew it was moving, and when it came down to the sea, like other rivers, it broke off in great pieces, larger than the largest house. When these great pieces of ice came splashing into the water they made such a noise that the polar bear, who had been waiting to the shore to catch a fish went scampering home thinking he heard thunder.

One of the pieces of ice that broke from the end of the frozen river was smaller than the rest and floated away fastest with its bright peak glistening in the sunlight.

"Ho-ho," it laughed. "This is much better than being a part of the great frozen river. Now I shall sail to the south and turn into water again."

So it floated and floated until it heard someone call, "Please give us a ride, Mr. Iceberg."

"All right; climb on," it said as it turned to see two little seals that were swimming nearby. It was the first one it had ever been called "Mister," and it was proud to think that it was really truly Iceberg, although but a le one.

"Where do you want to go?" it asked the seals.

"We want to find our mamma," they said. "We were playing and got lost, and is in the south somewhere—not far. But you must not melt until we see her."

The little Iceberg promised to do its best and away it sailed with the two little seals cuddled up on its back with their big brown eyes watching ever so carefully for their mamma.

"Oh, I do hope Mr. Iceberg won't melt very soon," said one of the little seals, but the Iceberg only laughed to itself, for it knew that it was seven times as large under the water as it was above, and steered for the place where it had heard there were many seals.

Pretty soon the little seals saw their mamma, and what a splashing they made in the water when they thanked the Iceberg and went flopping off to join her.

"It is nice, after all, to be an Iceberg," it said when it saw the seals were so happy. "And now maybe I can do one more good turn before I melt." Then it sailed on for many miles, and the farther it went the smaller it got.

One day, when just a little peak was shining above the green waves, it saw a great ship with hands waving and many people sitting on the decks.

**A BOX OF TREASURES.**

There are other TREASURES than those which can be weighed up in pounds Troy. There are the TREASURES of good deeds, of service rendered to our fellow-men, of charities performed, of loving acts, the treasures of sympathy and affection.

The boy scouts are enjoined to do at least one good act every day. If we perform only this minimum of good service we should have many good deeds to look back upon at the end of the year. But if each day contains a multitude of "good deeds" our lives would be crowded with Treasures of

**Our Puzzle Corner**

APRIL FOOL.

This boy is smiling to think how fooled the stout gentleman who is coming down the street will be when he stoops to pick up the pocket-book. See if you can find the stout gentleman by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

## ONLY A SCRAP of PAPER

BEN stripped the wrapper off his new magazine and tossed it upon the table. A moment later he was buried in the next chapter of a continued story for which he had been eagerly waiting. The gentleman who was sitting in the pleasant living room of the Palmers waiting for Ben's father, watched him thoughtfully. At last he said:

"You don't know of a business-like, reliable boy about your age, do you, whom I could get to help me in the office during vacation?"

Ben sat up eagerly.

"Why, I might take the job myself," he returned.

The man smiled.

"No, I think not," he said quietly. "I want an unselfish boy and a thorough one as well."

Ben looked astounded.

"You see," the man said, pointing to the scrap of paper, "you gave me an index of your character right there. It is only a scrap of paper, to be sure, but it was your work to fold it up and put it in the fireplace or the waste paper basket. You did neither. Some one else must do what you neglected to do. That means you are requiring the other person to carry his burden and yours. A thorough boy would have hesitated to make this neat room untidy by a careless act. I am afraid you will not do."

Ben's face flushed.

"I didn't think," he said lamely.

"No," the caller said earnestly, "and that is the unfortunate part of it. A boy of thirteen is plenty old enough to think. Here comes your father now. I thank you for this pleasant conversation." And the stranger went forward to meet Ben's father.

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